

Skycrawler

by King T the Gargoyle

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Summary: Yori the young god gets older and is tasked with skycrawling.

Skycrawler

****Skycrawler: Cloud Tomb - "Yooooorrrriiii!"****

Yori grew up just like any other god- to sleep he lays on starry expanses, he wakes up and showers in sunlight, he strikes up conversation with the elements- but now it is time to grow up and things need to be done. The elder gods deem him worthy to be a Skycrawler: one who delves into deep blue higher reaches of atmosphere to clear elegant puzzles and battle monstrocities.

"Yoooooriiiii!" calls his grandfather, rambunctious and warm all wrapped up in a holler, "There is a quest for you to do, my blood. Mhm! You are to give rest to the unrested in the Cloud Tomb. This is, yes!"

_This place of all places? _he wonders privately. Cloud Tomb is where the gods go to take final rest. Well, rest until it is time for them to come in different form. _Grayest of gray clouds with blasting lightning and bitter thunder..._ He won't muddy his spirit any longer with fret. mud is for the ground.

They give him a breatplate, platelegs, and a greatsword made of burnt-orange steel and point him in the direction of the Cloud Tomb, a dark smudge off a ways. His wings unfold and carry him to it. If all goes easily no sword will be raised. A hand on their troubled head should quaver their knees and ease them back into long rest.

Upon entering he hears a voice. Definitely not of a withered god, more of a young goddess. The voice is raw. Emotional. As he steps deeper in he picks up words. "And now we can stay together! You and

I..." sniffing ensues. Figures grow more defined as he approaches a hurt goddess in a gripping hug with an unrested god awkwardly standing.

"I... Hello."

"What...?" She fervently wipes away a stream of tears, let's go of the unrested, and takes a step toward Yori. The unrested stays hugging the air not having much of a will to make movements self provoked. "Be decent and leave us! WELL?"

"I must lay the god down to rest. He must lay down."

"I love him too much to allow that. Do you hear? My father was always there for me. We used to swim in the aurora borealis and he'd tell me that we were going to be together always. I believed him. Why would he say such a thing if he didn't mean it?!"

"You are still connected to him. I just know it. Call it a godly hunch or whatever but there is a remaining tether between you two. Giving him unrest isn't right. Let him sleep now and may his new form find his way to your heart." The goddess let out a pent up exhale. Her shoulders relaxed greatly and the rest of her body followed. "Come on, we'll do it together." They walked with the god until they found a nice area where the clouds weren't so gray. They each put a hand on his forehead and he slowly lowered to where he would finally... rest.

"Thank you. What is your name?"

"I am Yori the Skycrawler." Her eyes no longer showed despair but something new. Interest?

"I am Lydia. Yori I-" Just then she clutched at her belly as her father's resting body faded away. Her belly grew. "Oh, my word. I'm... with child!"
>And it was that Lydia's father stayed with her in the form of her son.<p>

End
file.